



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Dreadwing



👁 383 ✓ 35 ⭐ 50

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

The poisoned crossbow dart zips past my ear.

Drakkar's teeth, that was close! How in the five dark furnaces does he know I'm here?

Nevermind. I need to get out of here. But first, I need to snag that map.

Sending a wind-burst over the torches in the wall and casting a shadow-illusion over the men, I leap from rafter to rafter, dive-roll to the floor, and, with my night-vision, locate the prince and snitch the map. His voice rattles my brain.

"Guards! Intruder! Lock down the gates!"

Somersaulting backward, I dart to the door and slip past the guards already bustling in. Within minutes I make it outside the palace walls, my black outfit, cloak, and skin melting me into the shadows. I managed to lift a bit more loot than just the map. Master will be pleased.

Suddenly, a cold dagger-point presses against my throat.

Chapter 2 by Jason Williams

See more of Story Wars

There was a knock, and I turned to see a man in a dark suit and a mask. He had a look of concern on his face. The dagger pressed harder against my neck. "It's over," he said. "You should eat a meal before you head back to my home. It was then that I realized something important: I was still alive.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"So you didn't die at the Battle of the Blood Fields after all" I said. "That doesn't really surprise me."

"Always a pleasure to see you too" he said, as he reached his mouth toward me and kissed my cheek. "And just as beautiful as ever". He released his grip on my hair and removed the knife from my throat.

"Always a fool" I thought to myself as I sprang into action. I threw an elbow, expecting to connect with jawbone, but met only air. I rolled forward, and to the side, drawing my rune forged short sword as I did so, ready to spill his entrails upon the grass.

But he just stood there smiling at me. "I thought we were friends" he said. "You have nothing to fear from me, I assure you", he said as he sheathed his dagger and strode forward.

He wasn't wearing a shirt, or any armor, he never did. The large tattoo on his chest, which was glowing an odd shade of purple, was his armor. Put there by his former master eon's ago, it was an archaic design of long lost religious symbols and runes. He was always a mystery to me, but never a threat. At one time I too thought we were friends. But that is another story.

Chapter 3 by Gsoccer348



"So, I have a lot to talk about with you" The man who I have learned to call "Dreadwing" said. Meanwhile the rune on his chest darkens to a midnight black.

"We can talk but not here" Behind me Norak, the chief of the castle guards, orders his men to search the immediate countryside for the rustic map. I hear all this like a whisper in my brain. The rune in the chief's office had begun to weaken, I had placed it there a decade ago so I could listen to his conversations.

"Want to meet back at the old western watchtower? the guards rarely look for fugitives like yourself there. They are too scared of the Drakker that lives there. Although, it should be hibernating this time of year, in my experience with them over the last 6 cycles they have been

Dreadwing and the dragon's son. The dragon's son is the last of his kind, he has been missing for 10 years now.

Dreadwing and the dragon's son

See more of Story Wars

Someone had poured my coffee

or

Login

Create new account

By the time my eyes had adjusted to the normal light nothing but a few reptilian feathers remained. I summoned Shadow my stead, told him where I wanted to go and felt the wind behind my hair.

I knew I was getting close even when I couldn't see the ruins of the watchtower because of the deep sleeping breaths of the Drakker. Each time the behemoth breathed it spout a burst of flame lazily. The sound of a hibernating Drakker is an odd one, it is not something you hear right away unless you are trained to hear it. The sound seems so low no one should be able to hear it, Drakker snores work their way into your brain and seem to fill it constantly, it is the type of sound that would make someone go insane if exposed to it for long enough.

As I get closer I notice the Drakker's Sabre tooth fangs sticking out of its gargantuan mouth. I walk up to it and decide to fill my flask with the poison dripping off of the fangs, the poison will go for a nice price.

Hisssss... the poison drips down the flask and hits my skin, I let out a small yelp as the skin on my finger boils and I watch as the bone underneath turns brown then black.

The Drakker heard me. It opens one of its many eyes and look straight at me. The monster lets out a bloodcurdling scream. I have awakened the beast.

Chapter 4 by Jayde Avalon



The crimson Drakkar--an enormous, awe-inspiring Dragon Lord, one of only 5 throughout the 5 Fae Realms--seems filled with rage as all of his eyes snap open and train on me. Reflexively, I leap back and flick my wrists, releasing my hidden blades.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

The Drakkar's voice is impossibly deep and immensely powerful; the sort of voice that twists some of your insides and melts the rest. I nearly drop to my knees in shame and aghast bewilderment at the sound--no, the feeling?--of the voice ricocheting around my mind. He's in

See more of Story Wars

What do you want with my account? [Forgot password?](#) [Create new account](#)

Login

or

Create new account

"Darkling!" The Drakkar hisses, bringing his face closer to me. His breath reeks of dead...something. My stomach twists itself into knots. "How dare you come here with your foul sorcery and bloodthirsty ways! And coming to meet a light elf, too! What nerve you have, dark elf!"

Another bolt of pain splits my head in half. "You...misunderstand, my...lord," my words force their way out of my tensed mouth. "We're...acquaintances, the fire elf...and I. We're...not sorcerers....and I was just...leaving." A brilliant flash of purple catches my eye, and the pain in my head suddenly vanishes. The Drakkar--Kedakkryll, I somehow just remembered--turns half of his eyes to the entrance to his cave, which lies beneath the bridge between civil and less-civil Adaris, the realm in which we live.

Kedakkryll's head suddenly shoves me to the ground. "Hide!" He hisses as I try--and fail--to stand. "Hide in my wing." So saying, he lifts said massive appendage. I don't move, but continue to watch out of the cave, searching for Dreadwing. "Why?"

"Dreadwing," he replies.

"I know him," I try to explain. "He's just a fire-elf warrior."

"No," Kedakkryll snaps, looking suddenly stern--well, stern-er. Dreadwing calls my name outside; "Nakari! Where are you?" The Drakkar turns 5 of his great eyes on me.

"He's a Dracomachian."

Dracomachia?

No...no, he can't be...

Chapter 5 by Jonathan Bermudez



The Drakkar looked at me in desperation. To see such a frightful creature cower was...pathetic.
Every instinct told me to call for the elven warrior, but having a Drakkar owe you a favor is

anathema to the Dracomachians.

See more of Story Wars

I withdraw from my thoughts.

Login

or

Create new account

The Drakkar still holding me in his talons, and I could feel his gaze on me.

"We--you do not have time for this, either release me or die!" I spat at the giant thing.

The Drakkar let out a low grumble and I felt the tension in my mind lessen. It was my own again. I raced to the other side of the old watch tower until I put enough distance between myself and the creature.

"Dreadwing!" I called.

I heard him much before I saw him.

The emblem tattoo'd upon his chest took on a reddish hue.

"Ah, there you are dark one" the elf said slyly.

"What do you want 'dread?" I asked flatly.

"Always to business? Is there not time for the pleasantries? Perhaps we share a draft and muse over old tales?" The elven said chuckling.

I moved to walk away and he grabbed me by the shoulder.

"So temperamental. Very well, I know of way for us to make a handsome profit on that piece of parchment you have in your pack." The elf offered.

"I already have a plan and will not need your assistance." I said going to leave.

He moved in front me blocking my path. I began to reach for my short sword.

He eyed my hand and smiled. "Very well, then I'll rip the wings from that pathetic creature you're trying to save."

My eyes widen. How did he...?

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Nakaril rolled her head around and stretched her shoulders back and then took a look. Taking in anything and everything that could be used to her advantage. The rune over Dreadwings heart called to her, asking her attention and her thoughts turned to it. The purple hue was attractive in the sense, it spiked her curiosity and she knew its image made her stomach twist. How dare this..boy interfere with her plans.

"This creature is incredibly important in the fae realms and you will see your own blood spills before you lay a hand on this creature. He must be preserved." The dark elf lovingly stroked a blade gently against her own cheek and then threw it into the air, allowing both her and the fire elf to watch it spin, before her fingers clamped around the blades hilt and fit perfectly into her fingers.

Dreadwings eyes gazed into hers. The hue of his runes made his midnight black eyes all the more darker, like they absorbed the darkness and even forced the glow of his runes to brighten further.

"I shall leave you to your.." Dreadwing paused, surveying the scene around me. The water tower entrance shrouded Dreadwing and made the dark elf more comfortable. She could work in these quarters. She might even live this fight. "Your playing." He chuckled as he said the words and her back straightened and an almost feral noise came out of her mouth.

"This is not playing, how dare you treat me like a child. You always treated me like a child, just because you were born six months before me." She hissed, her fists curling around her second blade, the tips of her knives held out towards dreadwing.

"Those are fighting words and I'll be damned to the dark furnaces, if I let you stop my plans" she glared straight into his eyes.

Chapter 7 by Jayde Avalon



He glares back.

"Very well" he snarled and sheathing his second blade, turned to me and stretching out his arms. Dreadwing began to float upwards, his body becoming transparent and then solid again. Stretching out his arms, Dreadwing began to float upwards, his body becoming transparent and then solid again. His skin was translucent, his bones visible through his skin. His hair was a dark, silvery grey, his eyes a deep, intense blue. He was wearing a simple, light-colored tunic and breeches. He had a sword strapped to his belt, its hilt gleaming with a bright golden light. The sword itself was long and slender, with a sharp, polished edge. Several red and orange flames danced around the hilt and blade, casting a warm glow on his face and body. He looked directly at me, his gaze intense and unwavering. He reached out his hand and placed it on my shoulder, his touch hot and powerful. I felt a jolt of energy pass through me, a surge of power and strength. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, letting the energy fill my body. When I opened my eyes again, I saw that Dreadwing had disappeared. In his place was a small, glowing orb of light. The orb was perfectly spherical and emitted a soft, warm glow. It floated in the air for a moment, then disappeared completely. I looked around the room, but there was no sign of Dreadwing or the glowing orb. I felt a sense of loss and sadness, but also a sense of accomplishment. I had survived the fight, and I had learned something important about myself. I had faced my fears and overcome them. I had shown that I was capable of more than I ever thought possible. I had proved to myself that I was strong and determined. I had shown that I could handle whatever challenges came my way. I had shown that I was worthy of love and respect. I had shown that I was a true warrior.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

from behind him, the Dracomachia emblem glowing from their bodies. Half-dragons, humans, elves, dwarves...damn. He's summoned all of the Dracomachia, apparently using the same telekinetic bond binding those of Dreadwing with one another.

"I'll make it a fair fight and let you summon your tribe mates," he hissed, having shifted halfway by now into a dragon. "But, one more thing before you do..."

"Don't you /dare/ speak to me, you filthy traitor!" I shout, my anger pushing the dragon through my elven form. /Not yet,/ I tell my body. With a deep breath, I summon all of my tribe members to my mind, and once I see them all and the Drakkar Kedakkryll, I send out the compelling thought to summon them to my side.

Rustling sounds startle me from behind. Whirling, ready to defend myself, I find to my shock that the Adaris Dreadwing tribe has already assembled with me. Kedakkryll brings up the rear, his great mass creating an imposing, formidable silhouette against the night sky.

"We were prepared for this, Lady Nakaril," Father tells me, "even if you were too blind to see the signs. That map you have..." he pointed to my pack... "is an encrypted message from Nakravil to the prince."

"/Nakravil?/" I ask, incredulous. That is the male version of my name—a sibling-name, given to the male in a pair of twins. I look at Dreadwing. "Is this true?"

Dreadwing smirks. "It was nice knowing you, /sister./"

He lunges at me in dragon form.

The war has begun.

Chapter 8 by Celsius Fate



I rolled out of the way just in time as his dragon form landed where I had been standing mere seconds ago. For once I was glad my agility was superior to that of Dreadwing. Years of training

had paid off.

See more of Story Wars

No longer suppressed by the
second and let off hand,

Login

or

Create new account

circled around Dreadwing, watching as he did the same thing to me.

Behind I could hear my tribesmates locked in battle with the opposing clan, but all my attention was focused on the dragon before me. Dreadwing snares and bares his fangs at me, which I returned with a snarl of my own.

He lunges at me again but this time I was ready.

My jaw locked onto his throat and bit down hard, refusing to let go no matter how hard he shook his head. I could taste the vile bitterness of his blood flowing into my mouth, and forced myself not to gag.

Dreadwing slashed at my underbelly with a claw, the pain momentarily caused me to release my grip and he staggered away from me, but I had done my damage. I could clearly see the puncture wounds on his neck as blood steadily seeped out from the holes.

"You won't win this war," I said in a raspy voice.

"You're powerless to stop me dear sister," Dreadwing retorts with a laugh.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(e1c624d4757f08486e89482c18364c17_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(fd44bd93e945cfa8875a8962f08e5b64_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(4a7bd0d19449e9ae6d04f317c9f2938f_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)